

The Fisher King and the Lady of the Lake

Three hundred and seventy-five million years ago
the King of the Fish walked
hesitantly
up onto the land.

He had the FLOW.

In the far future someone would call him Tiktaalik.

He was Emanant.
The water loved life.
Life had the FLOW.
Life was Emanant.

The water flowed and was flowing.
The water gave the flow, the swell, the pouring.
The Lady of the water was Elle, was She and she was Lorelei.
She had the power to make life or death.
She was the river of time and the River Styx.

She she was she and she received the power from the sunlight and she made the first life.
She transformed each species into each other species with the power of the flow and the change.

She was the alchemist's Aqua Vitae,
a combination of cosmic radiation and earthly flowing matter.
The alchemists in future years would be near to the truth when they would say
that Aqua Vitae was made from fire and water.
She was of the sun and all the stars.

Her male counterpart, the King of the Fish
was the fish of all fish and the boat of all boats.
He was the Philosopher's Stone,
the stone of all stones.

And the Fish King was a man and a catcher of fish
and he was also a fish and a catcher of men.
He was called Sharky.

He was the gaping bloody wound and the weapon which gave the wound.
The wound of all wounds and the knife of all knives.
And the sea was the mother and the daughter and the wife.

And the land was the father and the son and the husband.

The Land Father, son, husband began as a rocky stagnant lid on a cauldron of hell.

The Ocean Mother, daughter, wife began as stardust composed of hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, helium, lithium, beryllium, boron, calcium, fluorine, potassium, sodium and other molecules coming from the sun.

And the first woman and the first man were made of wood and they grew in the silicon sands on the beach.

And their fruit was the fruit of many worlds and city states.

And the first man and the first woman were microbial and insectoid and reptilian and mammalian and avian and piscine and monstrous and violent and gentle and timid and strong and struggling and many things and they lived in many places and fought and cared and loved and hoped and died and were born and built their worlds.

They were in a hollowed out concrete space somewhere in Nevada. Above them was the shell of a fake cabin. The American appeared to be unconscious and bleeding, or perhaps he was dead. The Englishman looked up in confusion with tears in his eyes.

The walls were melting away.

The place of their entrapment was becoming something new, an improvised moment between ticks of the clock. It had the FLOW.